

EL INFINITO



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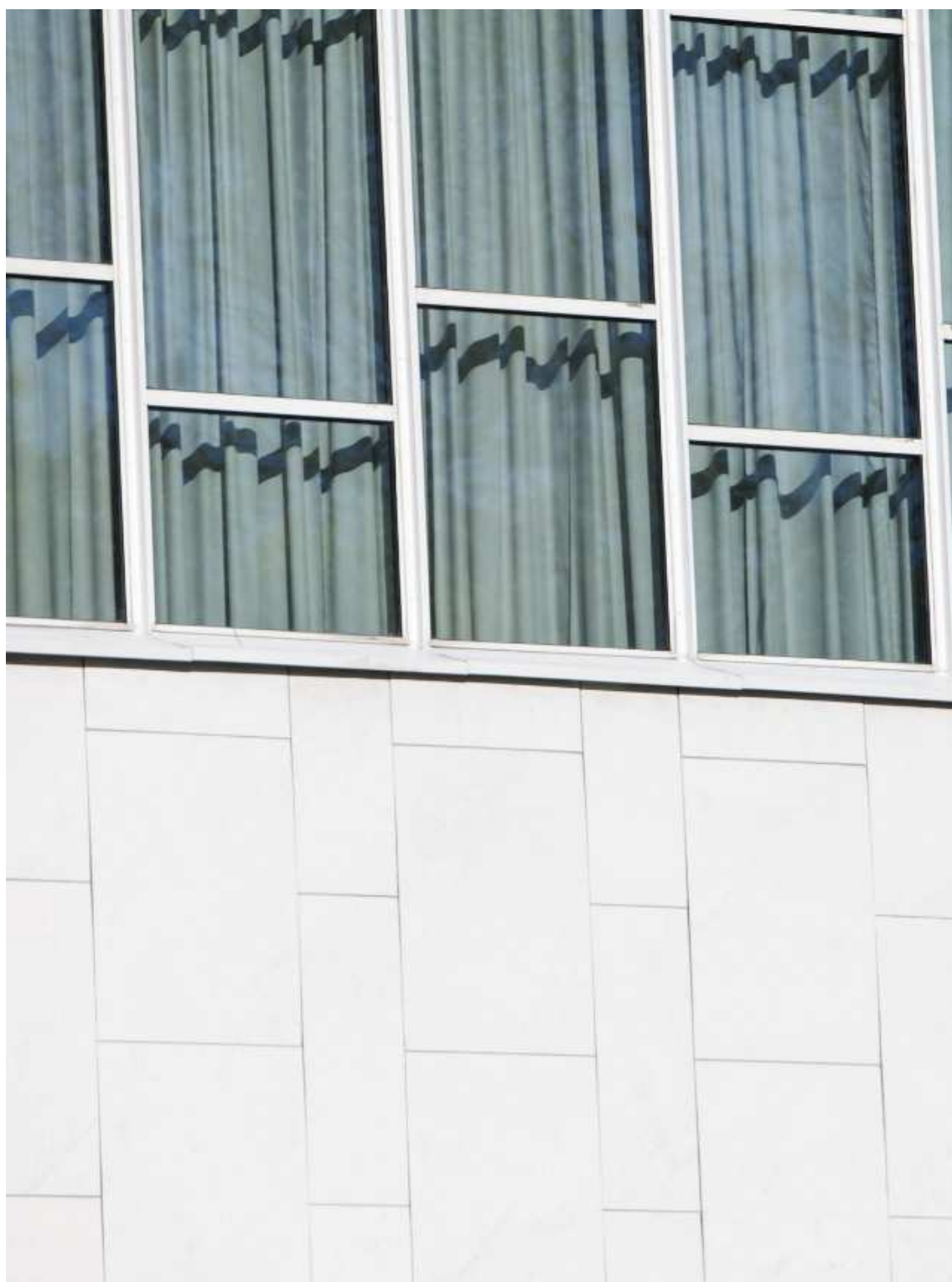
Mikko Rikala

<https://mikkorikala.com/>

























~~danger I was in, I had allowed myself to be looked under guard by a madman, after first drinking down a mixture of poison. Carlos' bounding clearly masked the deep-seated fear that I wouldn't see his "miracle", in order to protect his delirium, in order to hide his address from himself, he had to kill me. I felt a vague discomfort, which I tried to attribute to my rigidity, not to the operation of a narcotic. I closed my eyes, then opened them. It was then that I saw the Aleph.~~

~~Immense as the ineffable center of my tale, it is here that writer's hopelessness begins. Every language is an alphabet of symbols the employment of which assumes a pact shared by its interlocutors. How can one transmit to others the infinite Aleph, which my timorous memory can scarcely contain? In a similar situation, mystics have employed a wealth of emblems: to signify the deity, a Persian mystic speaks of a bird that somehow is all birds; Alain de Lille speaks of a sphere whose center is everywhere and circumference nowhere; ~~which, of course, with four faces, four gates and walls, north and south at once. (It is not for nothing that I tell to myself these inconceivable analogies, they become relation to the Aleph.) Perhaps the gods would not deny me the discovery, I am quite sure, though then this report would be polluted with literature, with falconry. And besides, the central problem — the enumeration, even partial enumeration, of infinity — is irresolvable. In that unbounded moment, I saw millions of delightful and horrible scenes, none seemed more so much as the fact that all occupied the same point, without superposition and without transparency. What my eyes saw was simultaneous, what I shall write is successive, because language is successive. Something of it, though, I will capture.~~~~

~~Under the step, toward the right, I saw a small iridescent sphere of almost unbearable brightness. At first I thought it was spinning; then I realized that the movement was an illusion produced by the dizzying spectacles inside it. The Aleph was probably two or three centimeters in diameter, but universal space was contained~~

VI THE ROCKS

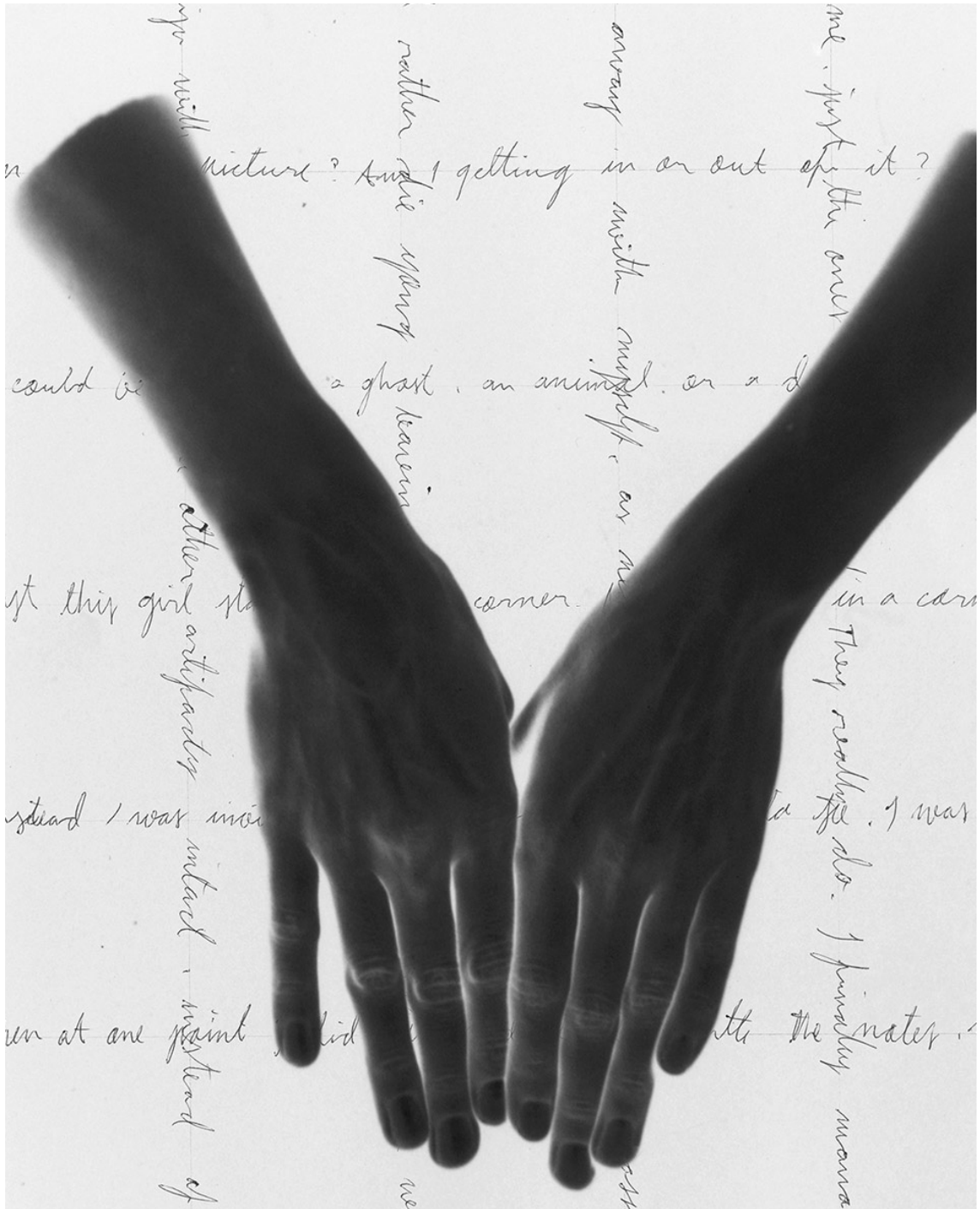
~~In the archipelago of the Channel the coasts are almost everywhere wild. These islands have charming interiors but a stern and unwelcoming approach. Since the Channel is a kind of Mediterranean, the waves are short and violent and the tide has a lapping moment. Hence the islands, towering round their cliffs, multiply and reduce the depth of the coasts. Skirting the coast, you pass through a series of mirages. At every turn the rocks try to deceive you. Where do these illusions come from? From the granite. It is so strange. You see huge stone towers, which have no doubt come out of the water to breathe. Giant men, hasten on their way, heading for the horizon; the petrified folds of their sails have the form of the fleeing wind. Kings with Platonian crowns meditate on massive thrones, ever under attack by the breakers. Nameless creatures buried in the rock stretch out their arms, showing the fingers of their palms. All this is the formless coast. Draw nearer, and there is nothing there. Stone can sometimes disappear like this. Here there is a fortress, there a crudely shaped temple, elsewhere a chaos of dilapidated houses and dismantled walls: all the ruins of a deserted city. But there is no city there, no temple, no fortress—only the cliffs. As you draw closer or move farther away, as you drift off or turn back, the coast falls to pieces. No kaleidoscope is quicker to disintegrate. The view breaks apart and re-forms; perspective plays its tricks. This block of rock is a tripod; then it is a lion; then it is an angel and unfolds its wings; then it is a seated figure reading a book. Nothing changes form so quickly as clouds, except perhaps rocks.~~

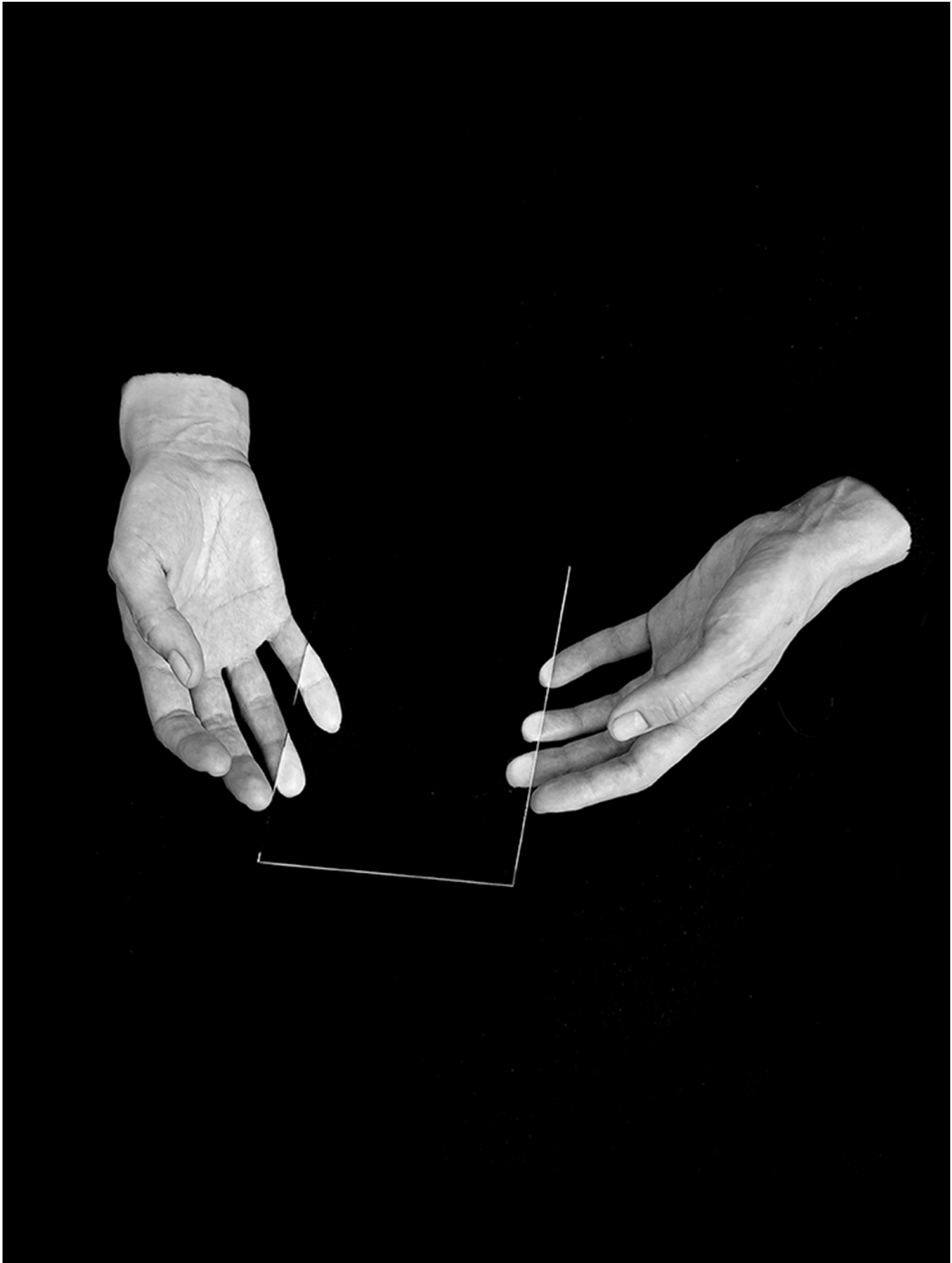
~~These forms call up the idea of grandeur, not of beauty. Far from it: they are sometimes unhealthy and hideous. These rocks have swellings and tumors and cysts and blemishes and growths and warts. Mountains are the humps on the earth's surface. Madame de Staël, hearing Chateaubriand, who had seen the high boulders, speaking lightly of the Alps, called it the "jealousy of the hunchback." The grand lines and gestures of nature, the colors of the sea, the silhouette of the mountains, the amber shades of the forests, the blue of the sky are affected by something and mysterious dislocation mingled with these~~

~~wing armchair, the gas cooker, the mattresses, the crammed mountains of papers, crockery and various materials, the paint pots gleaming canine red, leaf green and lead white in the gloom, the blue flames of the two paraffin heaters, the entire furniture was advancing, millimetre by millimetre, upon the central space where Ferber had set up his easel in the gray light that entered through a high north-facing window layered with the dust of decades.~~ Since he applied the paint thickly, and then repeatedly scratched it off the canvas as his work proceeded, the floor was covered with a largely hardened and encrusted deposit of droppings, mixed with coal dust, several centimetres thick at the centre and thinning out towards the outer edges, in places resembling the flow of lava. This, said Ferber, was the true product of his continuing endeavours and the most palpable proof of his failure. It had always been of the greatest importance to him, Ferber once remarked casually, that nothing should change at his place of work, that everything should remain as it was, as he had arranged it, and that nothing further should be added but the debris generated by painting and the dust that continuously fell and which, as he was coming to realize, he loved more than anything else in the world. He felt closer to dust, he said, than to light, air or water. ~~There was nothing he found so unbearable as a well-dusted home, and he never felt more at home than in places where things remained undisturbed, muted under the gray, velvety sinter left when matter dissolved, little by little, into nothingness.~~ And indeed, when I watched Ferber working on one of his portrait studies over a number of weeks, I often thought that his prime concern was to increase the dust. He drew with vigorous abandon, frequently going through half a dozen of his willow wood





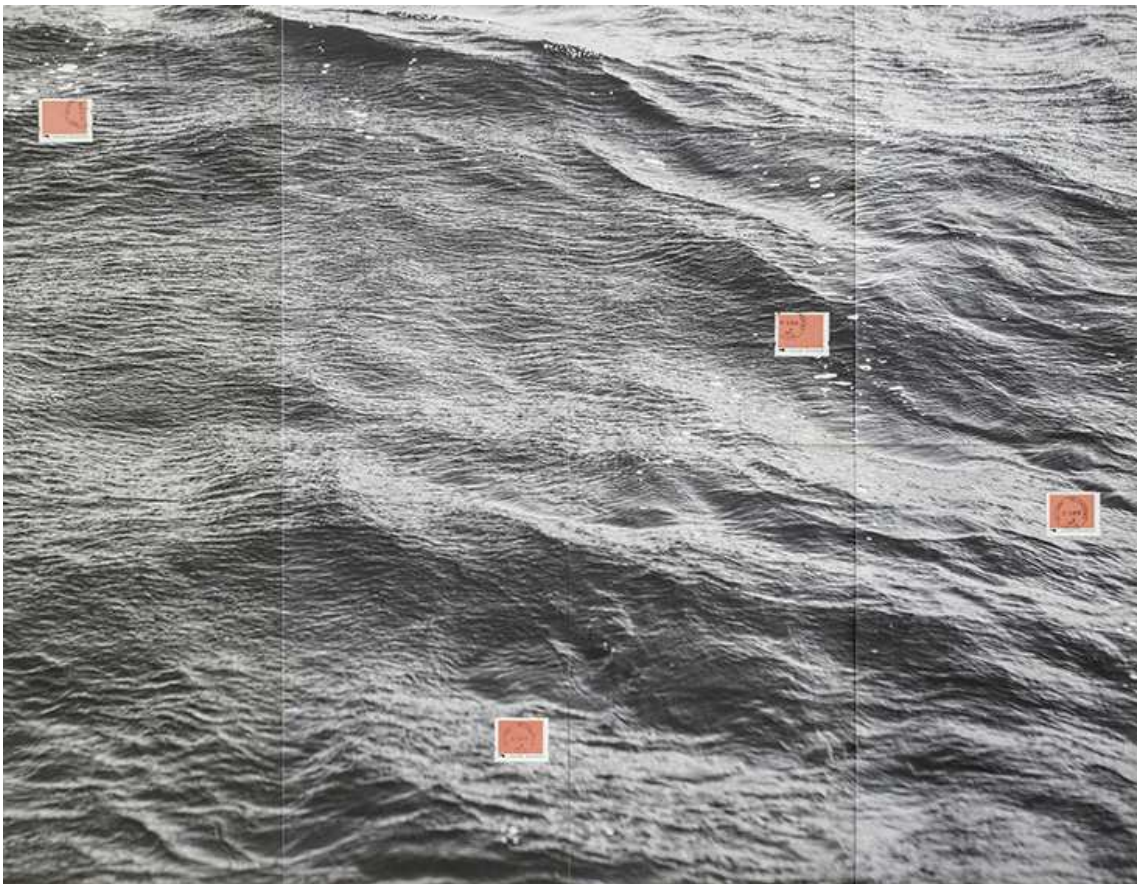








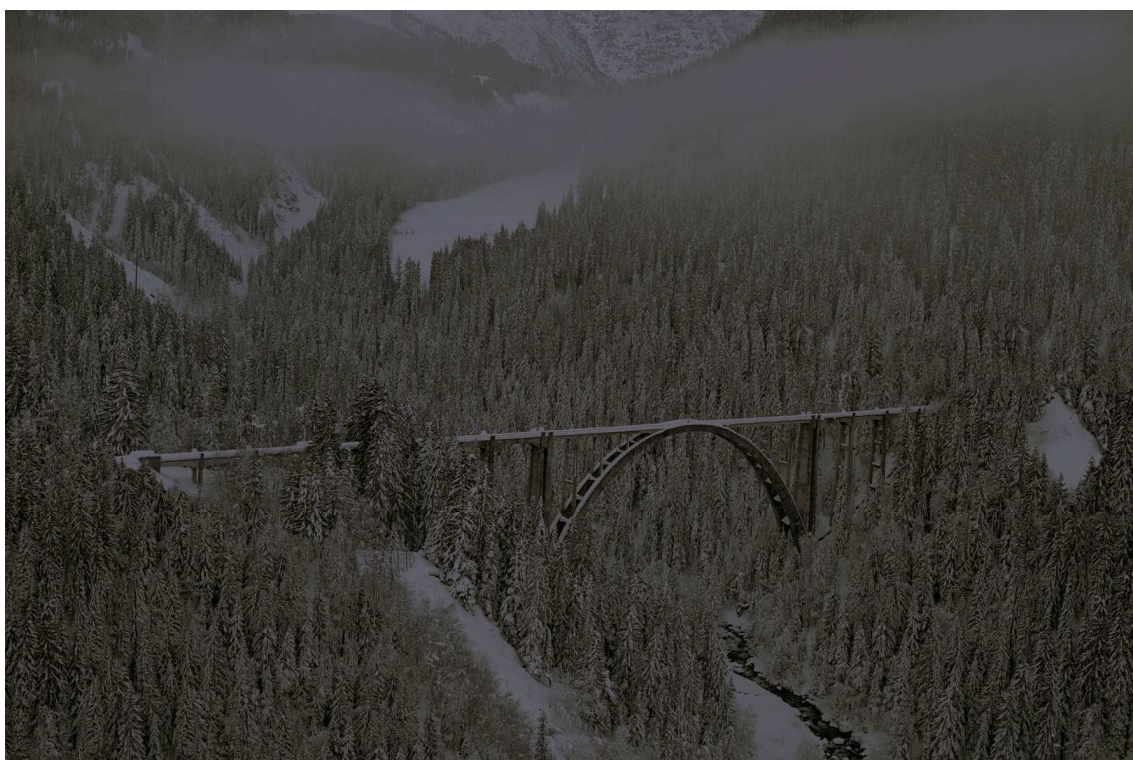






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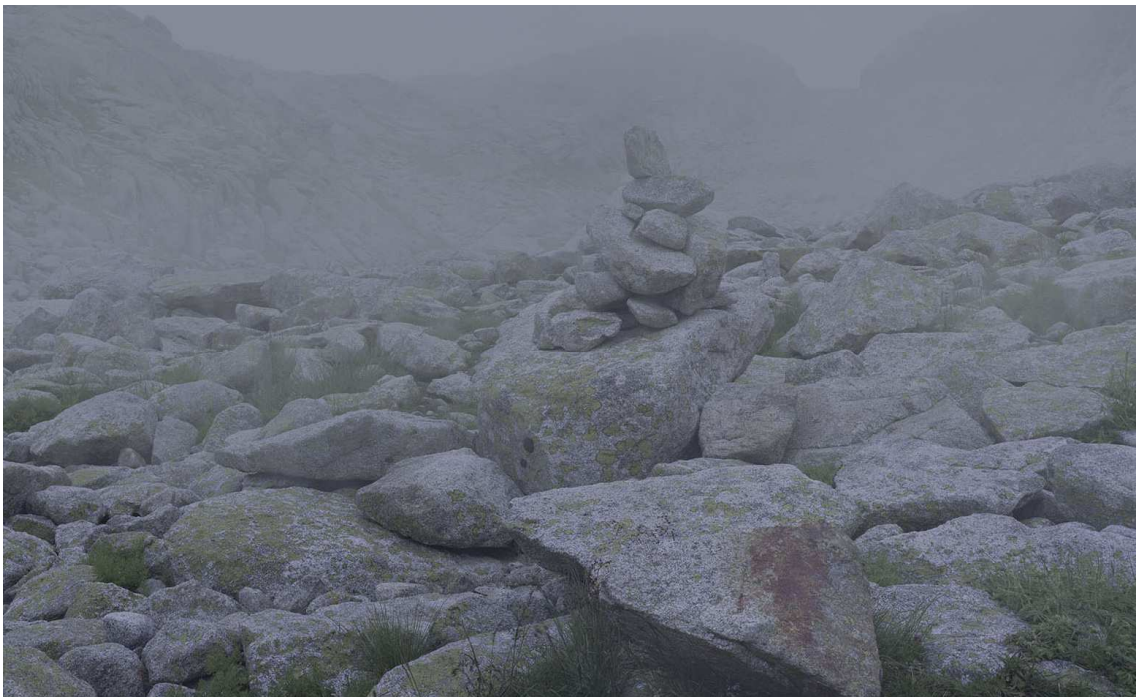










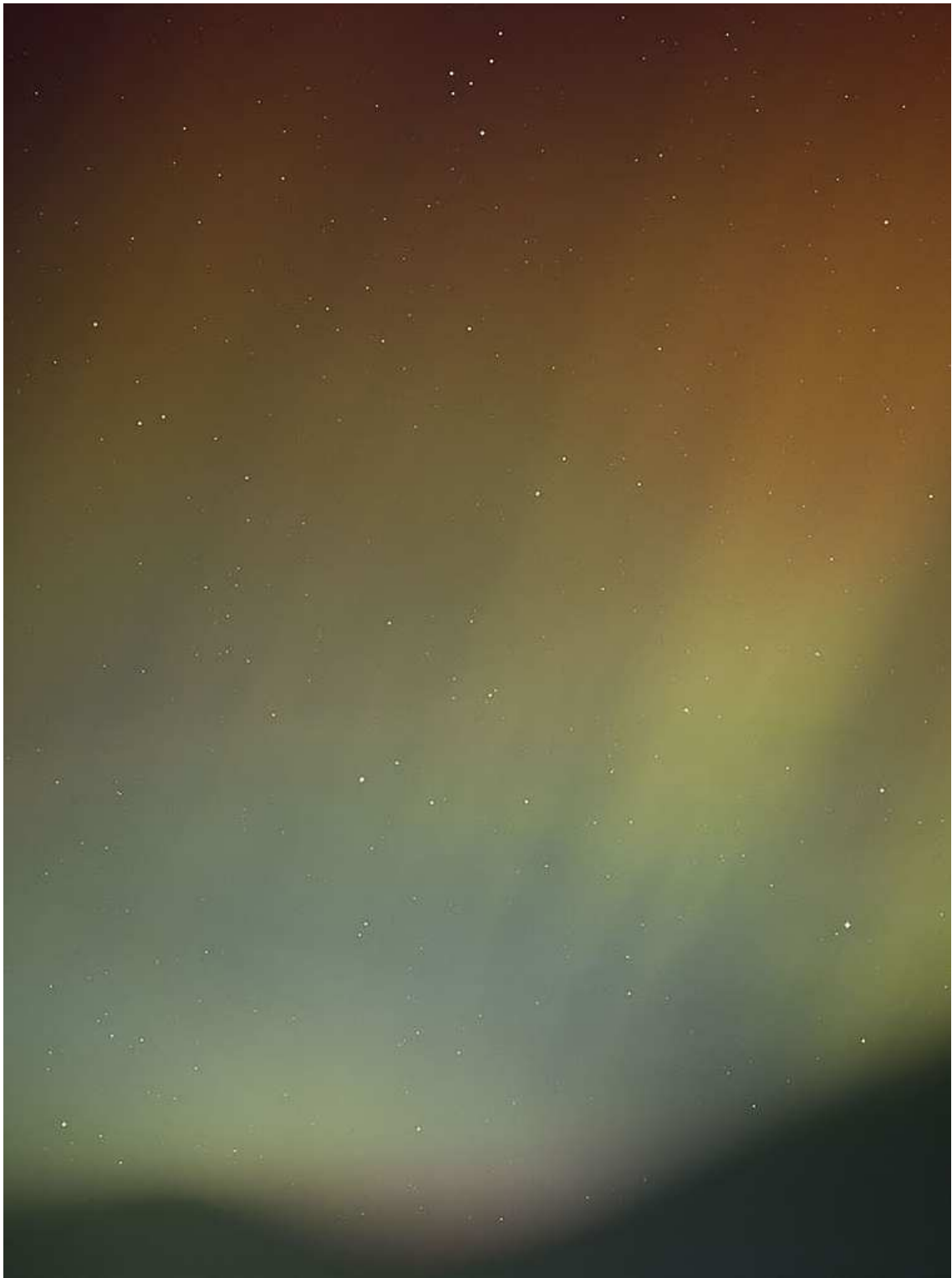












David Jimenez

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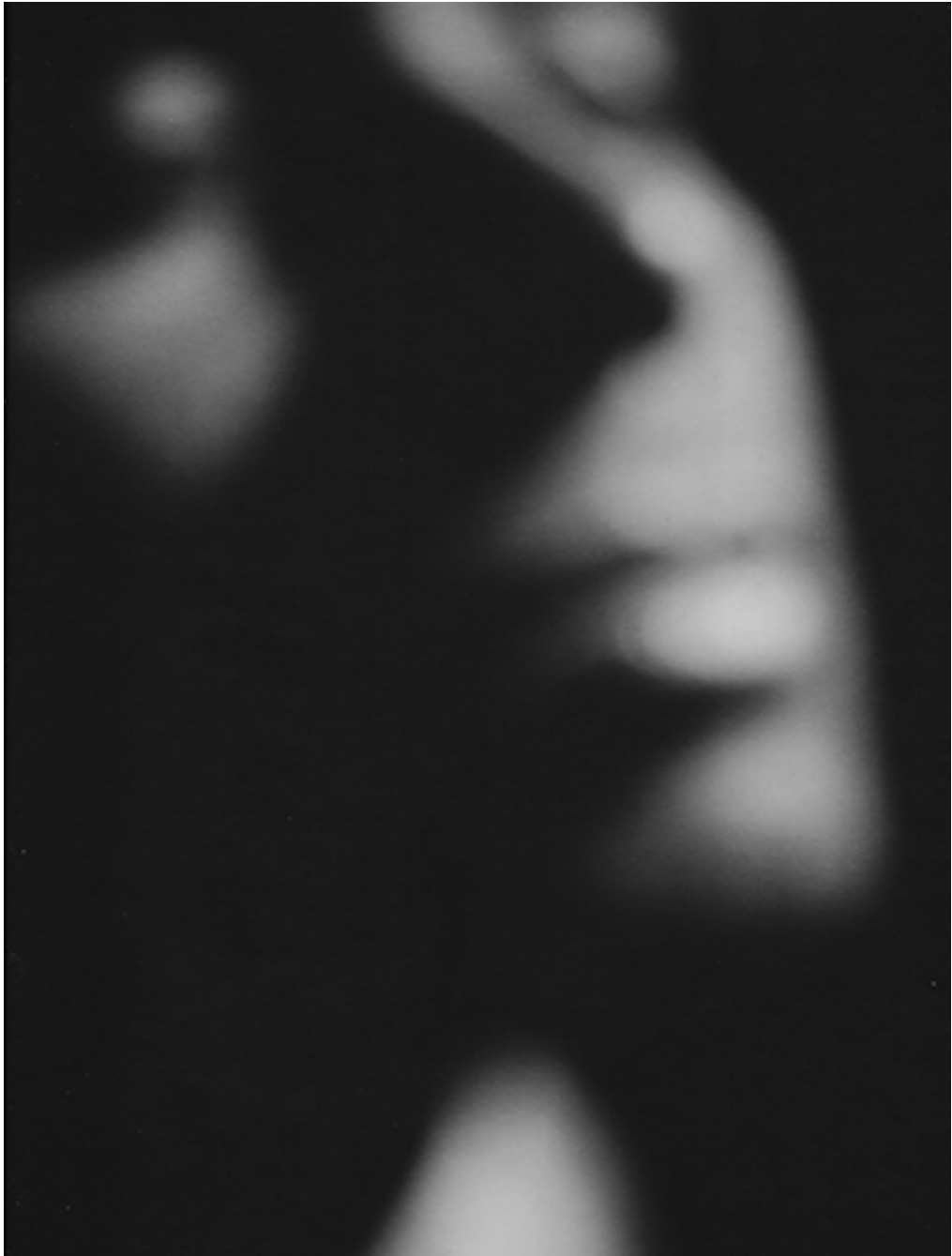












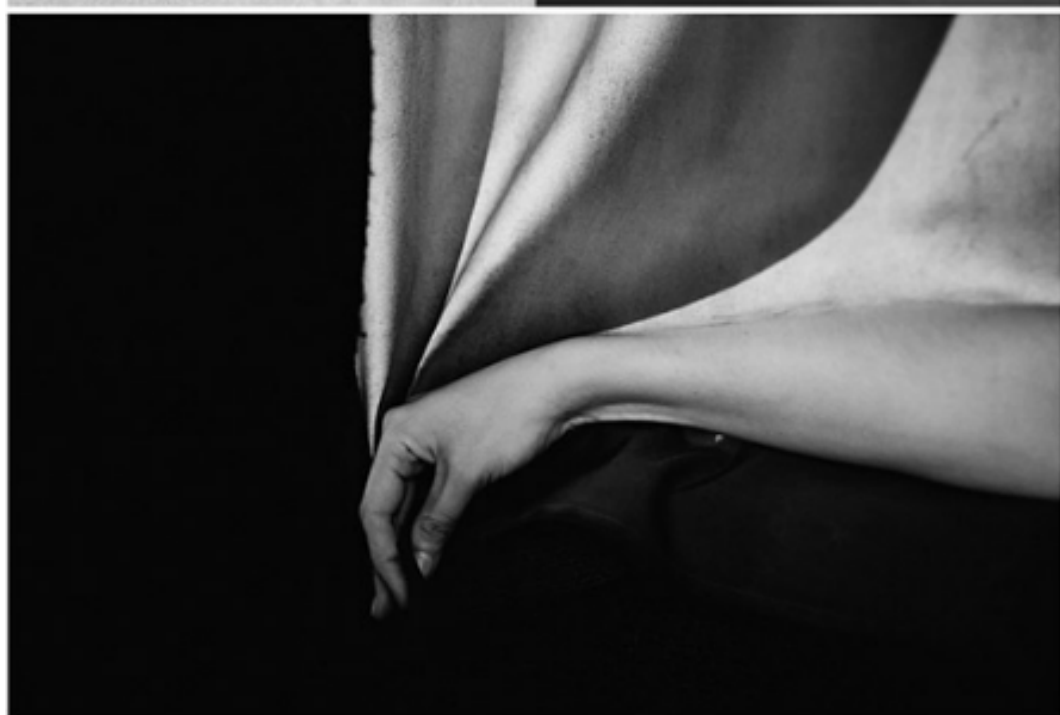


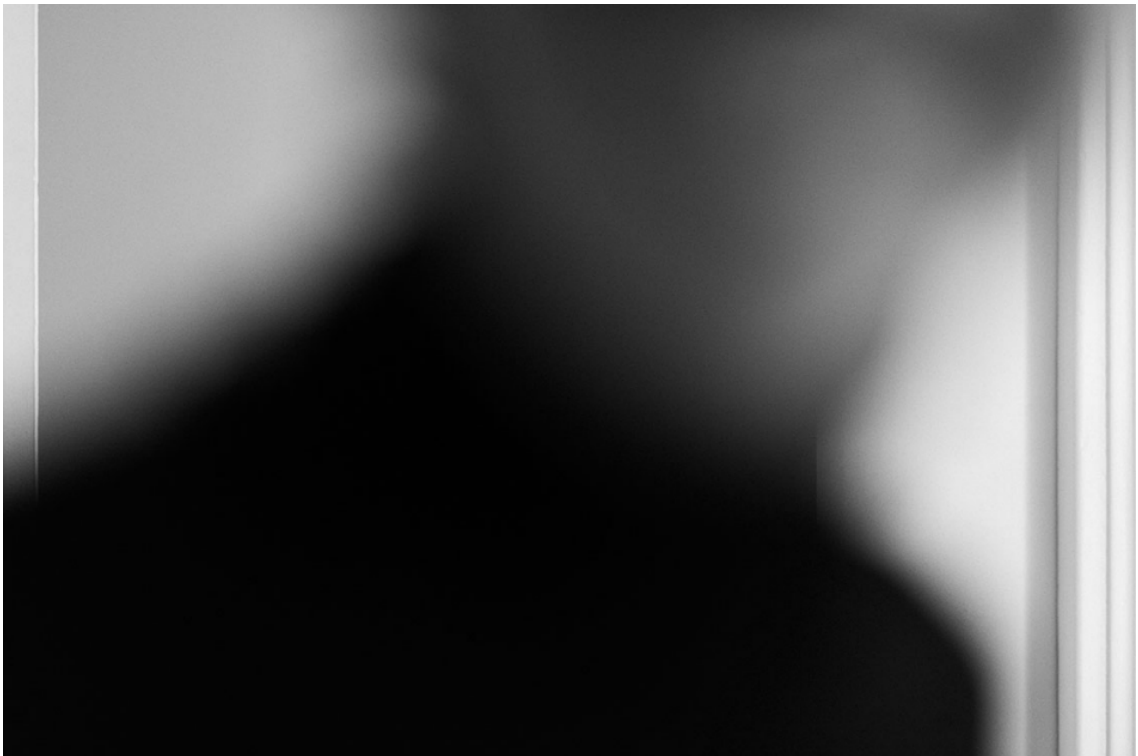


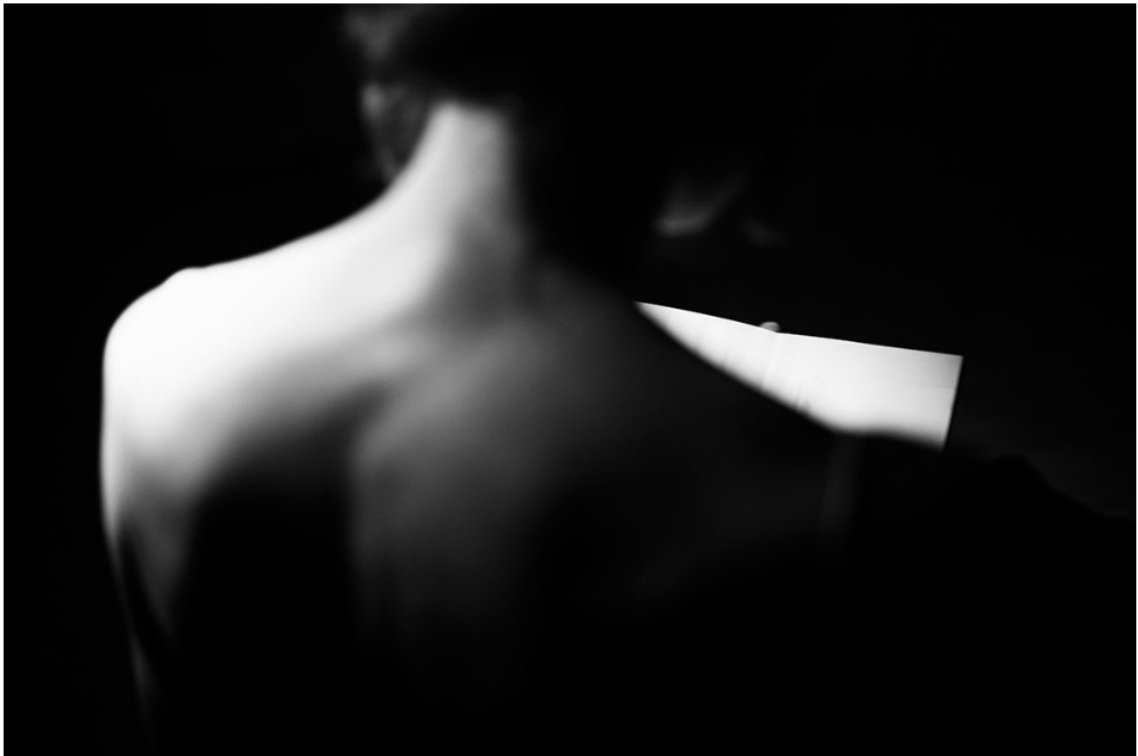






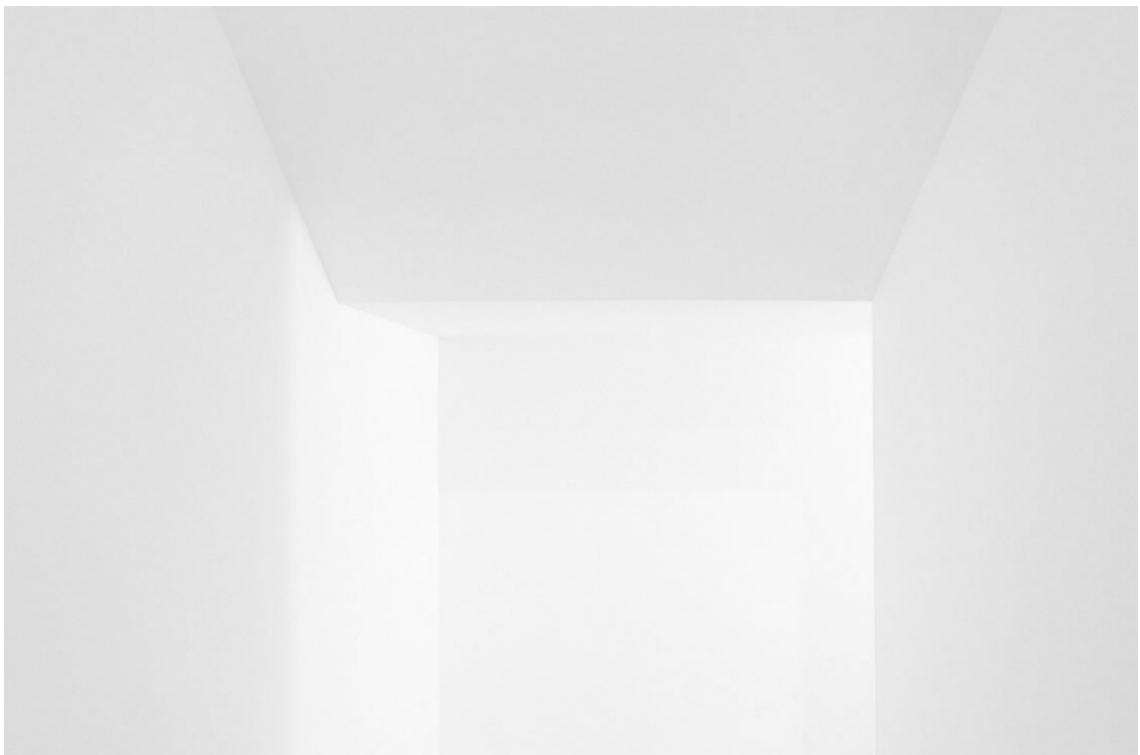
















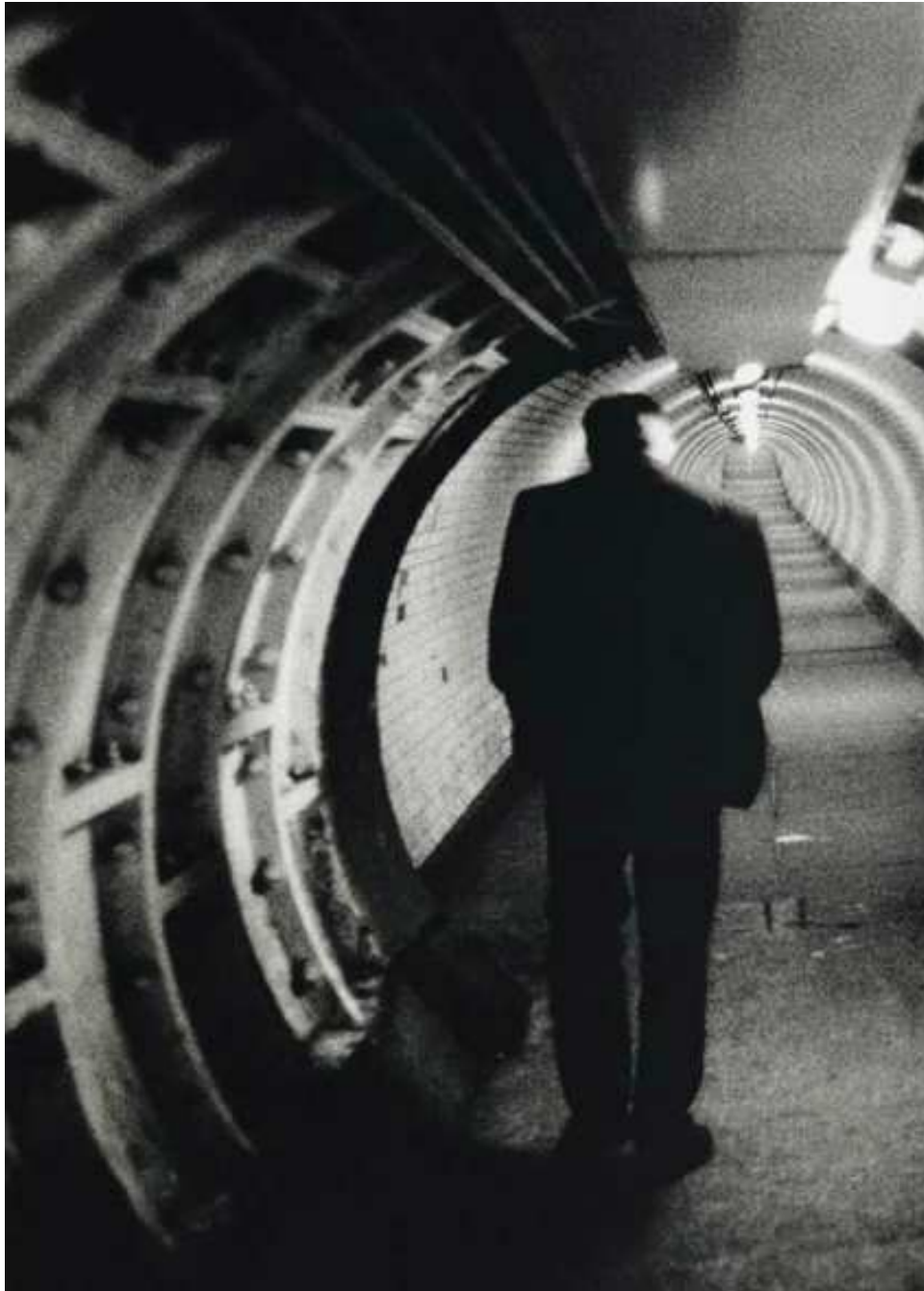
INFINITO



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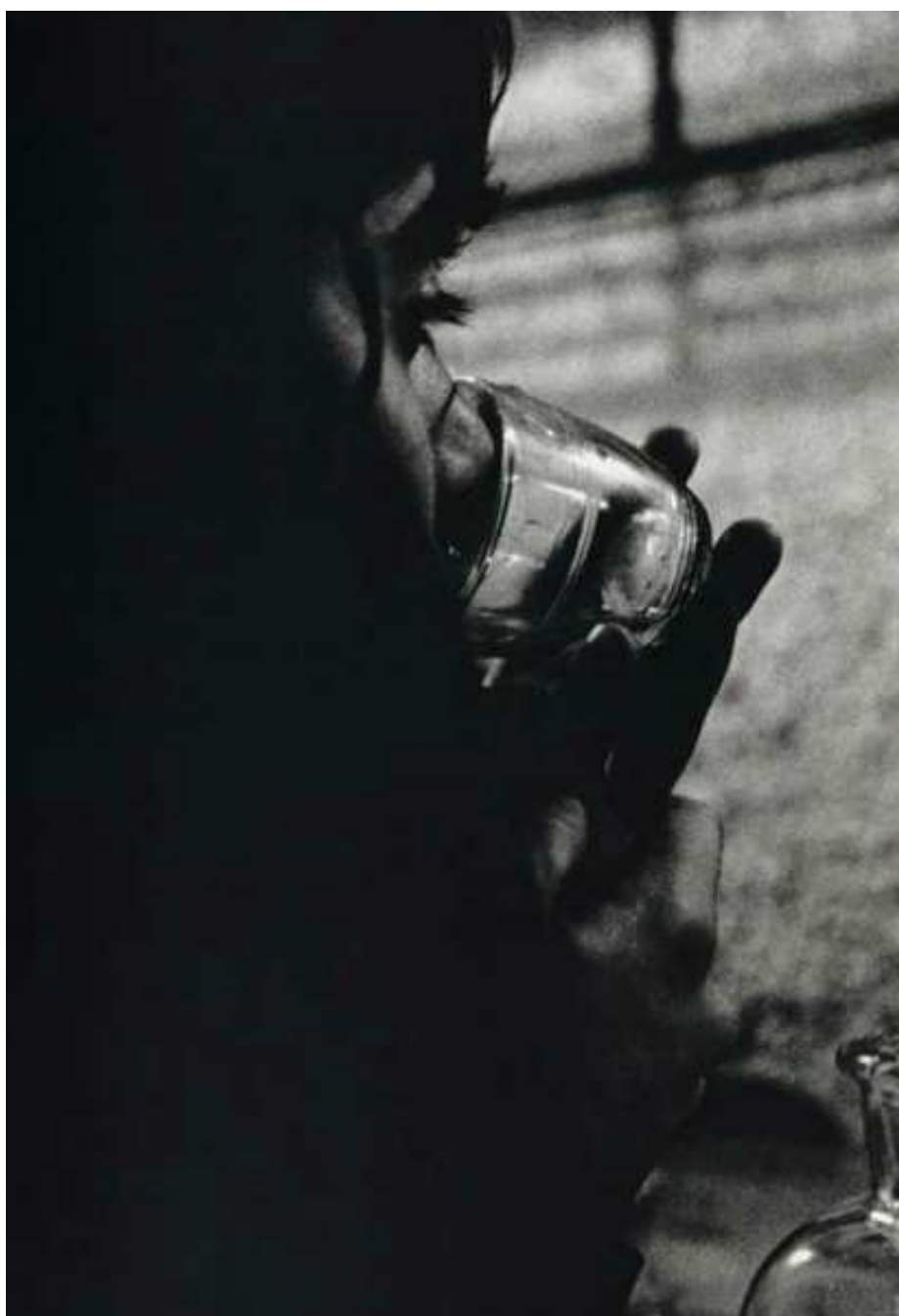


















Alice Coltrane

Turiya Sings



<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Y9HgjqvDH3A>

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